



Hope



👁 28 ✓ 4 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

"We know what we are, but know not what we may be."

-William Shakespeare

Who am I?

Stupid question, I know. Sounds stupid, probably is stupid, but think. *You're Hazel Hope Taylor. Duh!* But the thing is, that's what I'm called. People use that name to refer to me. That isn't who I am. It's a name. Nothing more. It's the only reason that separates us from other people, because without names, just imagine our society. "Hey you! You with the blue shirt! Yeah you! Are you listening?"

Who am I? You're a student, a daughter, a friend, etc. That's the obvious position. That's the obvious answer. But not the right answer. Having the right answer and obvious answer are completely different. But I'm looking for who I truly am. The possibilities are endless, open for experience, for being tried, for mistakes.

But what if you don't know where you're supposed to look?

Chapter 2 by Fanwizard



Writing is a journey of discovery because until you start, you never know what will happen, and you can be surprised by what you. See more of Story Wars

-Mini Grey

Login

or

Create new account

Let's just say, I'm a completely normal kid. I have a normal life, normal expectations, and normal dreams. Normal interests.

I even look normal. Hair that frames my face and falls halfway down my back, normal colored eyes, common skin color, and average height. I'm not pretty or ugly (even though I believe that there is nothing called ugly. Just simply not attractive on the outside.).

I like Fall Out Boy, Shawn Mendes, Panic! At the Disco. like to read and paint, and play violin and piano. I love the colors blue, white, black, and silver. I'm a Garfield, Big Nate, and Calvin and Hobbes fan. No extraordinary person there. (And no, I'm not a piano prodigy or a violin prodigy. I'm not a prodigy in anything. Guaranteed.) I'm no artist. Somehow, the materials always mess one little thing up, even though I have the most perfect idea. I like word art better.

Ask my friends. They'll say I'm smart, academically popular but not popular popular. Like the girls in school with blonde hair, are pretty, smart, nice, athletic, funny, rich, and perfect.

My best friend (or should I say, closest friend) Sofia knows. She claims I'm funny, popular, smart, and pretty, but I can't see it. She knows I'm academically popular, but makes sure this doesn't go to my head.

It doesn't.

I don't meet the descriptions of a perfect girl. Nothing close. I have a sarcastic humor, am not blonde with silky, long lovely locks, get annoyed with the jerks with the huge egos at school (even though they are 'so cute'!) (who think they own the school because their parents have money and are on the football team, dating the hottest cheerleaders), and am definitely not athletic. Even if I joined the popular group at school, I would probably get kicked out immediately, since I have absolutely no interest in fashion or shopping and have no fashion taste and do not care to criticize other girls or flirt with boys relentlessly.

See? Perfectly normal.

(Okay, it's not normal that I have no obsession with fashion or shopping since girls my age are crazy about Starbucks, shopping, criticizing and trying to be superior over girls, or flirting with boys.)

I embarrass myself in front of them anyways. They've stopped trying to talk to me, except for the answers of homework and classwork.

Finally me

See more of Story Wars

Girls applying lip gloss in front of
and fuller
Boys stealing random things
Loners wandering the halls

Login

or

Create new account

Brainiacs hurriedly opening their lockers and removing various books, before heading to class. Some loners daring enough to try to strike up a conversation.

I'm not sure which of these I fit.

I'm not a thief, I don't wander the halls, I don't hurry to class, I don't try to strike up a conversation, and I don't spend too much time admiring my reflection.

I close my locker, and head down the hall, when a guy comes up to me.

He has striking vivid green eyes, so green they have to be fake. Sea green, so distinctive I bet I could see them in a room with a thousand people. Besides the sea green eyes, he has dark brown hair with a definite wave to it, and tan skin. He's tall and slender, maybe 6'3.

"Are you interested in writing?" he asked. He had an armload of yellow flyers in his arms, no bet to distribute out to get people to sign up a club or sport.

"I like it, but I don't write often."

"Do you have lots of free time?"

"Um, I guess."

"You should the creative writing club," he said, handing me a yellow flyer. "It's tons of fun. We meet every encore in Mrs. Properpilski's room."

"Do you just write?"

He shook his head. "We also read poetry and quotes, and share our writing, trying to interpret the message that was meant for the reader to pick up. Writing is not just a hobby. It's a work of art, that the viewer must figure out."

"I'll think about it," I said, tucking the flyer under my arm.

"Thanks," he said, heading the other way. "My name is Oliver by the way."

"Hazel."

"Hazelnut," Oliver said, and a smile twitched at the corners of his full lips, before he finally smiled. "Hazelnut."

"Bye," I said, vanishing into the corner.

When the bell rings, signaling that encore (AKA study hall) begins, I pack up all my stuff, and sign out. I normally sit down, read, study, or review my notes for a quiz or a test that day. Instead, I'm heading to Mrs. Properpilski's room

The room number, according to the flyer, is 2705. I follow the numbers, until finding the one door that's open all the way.

Inside sits a middle aged woman, with short grey hair, wearing a blue button down shirt, and standing at the front of the room. She has wire rimmed glasses, and is writing on the whiteboard.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I enter, and she turns around, smiling.

She has chocolatey eyes, faint freckles, fair skin, and is wearing bubble pink lipstick. Other than that, I can't tell if she's wearing any sort of makeup. I'm not sure if the rosy tint in her cheeks is blush or natural.

"Welcome to the creative writing club," she said. "I'm Mrs. Properpilski, the leader and makeshift mom."

"I'm Hazel," I said. "Um—"

"Just take a seat," Mrs. Properpilski said. "Anywhere that you'd like."

"Okay," I said slowly.

I took a seat by a window, perfect so I could stare out the window at the cloudless blue sky. Suddenly, I couldn't remember why I'd come in the first place.

There was a handful of other kids, of all ages and race. They seemed to know each other very well, judging by the way that they easily chat. There couldn't be more than twenty kids in this classroom, yet it felt comfortable and awkward at the same time.

I tucked a strand of my hair behind my ear, and took out my journal as well as my cyan flashlight pen.

"I see you came," a voice said as I pressed the tip of the pen to paper.

I jumped, dropping the pen, and closing the journal quickly. My journal was kind of private and I didn't like sharing it. Then, I looked at the person who had spoken.

Oliver. Of course. The sea green eyes had lightened, as he smiled easily at me, not quite sea green anymore, but not pale, more light. His eyes were almost blue, maybe a cobalt blue, very gentle.

"Hazelnut," Oliver said.

"Oliver," I said, picking up my pen from the floor, but Oliver beat me to it, already bending down and grabbing it.

"Thanks," I said, pushing the cap onto the pen, before attaching it to my journal.

"Anytime," Oliver said smoothly. "I take it you met the others?"

"The others?"

Oliver's eyebrows raised. "You haven't met Elliott and his group?"

"A little."

Oliver grabbed my wrist, pulling me up and toward a senior wearing a navy blue t-shirt and messy black hair.

"Elliott, this is Hazel," Oliver said, gesturing toward me.

"I'm Elliott," the guy with the navy blue t-shirt said. "I've been here since the very beginning."

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"He's practically ancient," Oliver said. "Nearly a bag of dust."

Elliott punched Oliver lightly on the arm. "And this is a bag of bones, blood, and muscles, but with no brain or heart."

"Since when?" Oliver asked innocently.

"Since you were born, doofus," Elliott said, rolling my eyes. "Please excuse my friend. His simple brain cannot grasp the complex concept without it going into overdrive."

"Isn't that associated with cars?"

"Shut up."

"Anyways," Mrs. Properpilski interrupted. "I got a request from Marybeth," she nodded toward a girl with a pageboy haircut that was dyed dark green with strands of light green, her bangs falling into her eyes (which actually looked quite cool), with ripped black skinny jeans, "to share the story that she wrote over the weekend."

"Go Marybeth!" Elliott called out.

"Thank you, Mr. Davis," Mrs. Properpilski said. "Go on, Marybeth."

Marybeth shifted the papers in front of her, before beginning to speak.

"The shutters swung wildly in the wind, broken, the house a monster against the looming gray sky, the sky clouded permanently with menacing black clouds, but the scariest sight was him, his eyes fierce as the storm, his hair whipped wildly so he looked like a madman, how deathly still he stood even with the storm raging on," Marybeth said. "And when he caught sight of me standing there, frozen in terror, the sides of his mouth twitched up into the closest thing to a smile that he could muster."

She has a sultry kind of voice, low, a bit husky, which sounded cool, as the words stumbled to fall out of her mouth.

Marybeth stopped, then glanced at Mrs. Properpilski, before shuffling her papers. "That's all I wrote."

"Mysterious," Mrs. Properpilski said. "I love the writing style, the mystery lingering under the meaning, the beauty lying under the mysteriousness and woven into the words. It's alluring, the way you toyed with the words."

"Thanks," Marybeth said, sitting down quickly.

"A story that's lovely reading," Mrs. Properpilski said. "Can Marybeth does anyone else want to share what they've written?"

See more of Story Wars

There was a shifting in the back of the class when Mrs. Properpilski said, "Yes, Oliver. Please read what you've written."

I watched as Oliver walked up to the front of the classroom with a black spiral notebook, as he smiled at everyone. His eyes landed on mine, and he nodded.

Login

or

Create new account

"Begin when you're ready," Mrs. Properpilski encouraged.

"The room was empty with only a trunk, the only light source coming from the windows, as I walked around, trying to find a piece of human civilization in the room, proof that people had once existed, that I was not the only one. Suddenly, the ceiling dropped, and in landed a girl, around my age. She glanced at me, and soon, she spoke. 'You're the first.' That was the moment that I realized she was the most beautiful girl that I'd ever seen in my existence."

"I understand that you're branching out when writing this," Mrs. Properpilski said, slowly, tilting her head forward slightly which made her hair fall forward, before falling back perfectly, "and I simply love it. I love how you don't specifically end each part, leaving enough to keep the imagination open and yearning."

Oliver nodded, walking back to his seat. But when he passed my seat, he dropped a note of folded notebook paper.

The ending is up to you.

I walk to my next class, playing back the last hour repeatedly in my head. Just listening to people read their works, and being drawn into the meaning, the words, the magic enveloping me as I listened.

I pulled out the note that Oliver had dropped on my desk. It seemed innocent enough, but there had to be a meaning behind it. And I couldn't figure it out.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

[Give feedback](#)

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account